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EASY POETRY FOR CHILDREN



LONDON. G. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.



EASY POETRY

For Children.

•
A SELECTION FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

With Coloured Illustrations.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL ;
NEW YORK: 129, GRAND STREET.

1865.





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Easy Poetry for Children.



THE BROTHER'S CHARGE.

SUSAN, promise that you'll stay
Quietly at home to-day ;
Mother's ill, and weak, and sad,
We must try and make her glad ;
Peel potatoes, boil the rice,
Get the dinner hot and nice.

We must be her help and stay,
Putting childish things away ;
To the hill-side I must go,
Plants to set and beans to hoe ;
So to you I leave the care,
All this day, of mother dear.

When the sunset gilds the pane,
I shall be at home again ;
You'll get mother's cup of tea,
And some bread and cheese for me ;
You shall knit, I'll read the while,
And the evening hours beguile.

MRS. HAWTREY.

THE ORANGE.

WHAT is that fruit, so round and sweet,
So nice to smell, so good to eat,
Which gives the children such a treat ?
An Orange !

How yellow and how bright its skin,
So smooth without, so sweet within !
To scorn thee surely were a sin—
Bright Orange !

What treat so great for little boys,
When, tired with their games and toys,
They're safe with thee from tricks and noise,
Kind Orange !

Right glad am I when Christmas comes,
With puddings, mince-pies, tarts, and buns,
And, best of all, thy golden suns,
Round Orange !

Oh ! kindly native of Azores,*
Round which the broad Atlantic roars,
I bid thee welcome to our shores—
Sweet Orange !

SUMMER SONGS.

* *The St. Michael oranges come from one of the Azore Islands.*

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

OH ! where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window pane ?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my play-things
Because I broke them all,
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day ?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window ;
I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
But " pitter patter pat "
Means, " We can play on *this* side,
Why can't you play on *that* ? "

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE WEEK.

ON Sunday begin
The week without sin ;
On Monday resume
Your tasks without gloom ;
And pray don't be vext
That Tuesday comes next ;
And when it is gone
Doth Wednesday come on ;
And Thursday can ne'er
To follow forbear ;
And Friday, no doubt,
Not being left out,
With Saturday last
The week will be past.

ANON.

THE CAT.

I LOVE little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm ;
So I'll ne'er pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I together will play ;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some
food,
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.

ANON.

THE LITTLE DAIRY-MAID.

SHE woke with the birds this morning,
When the sun was rising bright,
And she's churning now in the glimmer
Of the waning evening light.
She made the cheese in the dairy;
She watched the cows in the lane;
She's active and light as a fairy,
Our little dairy-maid Jane.

To-morrow she'll go to market,
O'er hill, and meadow, and down—
In her white sun-bonnet and kerchief,
And tidy purple gown—
With eggs, and fruit, and butter,
Which bring her a wide renown;
And she sells them to the gentry,
In yonder market town.

Still, as she churns, her singing,
Like song of a woodland bird,
Thro' the open lattice window
All cheerfully is heard.
I know not which is sweetest,
The carol of birds in the lane,
Or the notes that I love so dearly,
Of little dairy-maid Jane.

MRS. HAWTREY.

SCHOOL SONG.

LITTLE children still we are,
Fond of learning we should be,
Silent as the little star,
Busy as the little bee.

Little stars shine all the night,
High and quiet, clear and bright ;
We should so our tasks fulfil,
Watchful, steady, bright, and still.

Little fish are lively, too,
Sportively their work they do ;
When the day dawns, out they swim,
Searching up and down the stream.

Little birds their wisdom bring,
Teaching children as they sing :
" Daylight now begins to peep,
Children must no longer sleep."

When we learn with patient zeal,
Much less hard our task we feel ;
Doubly sweet is rest, if we
Diligent and earnest be.

THE WAVES ON THE SEASHORE.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar ;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore ?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand ;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand ?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn ;
Make haste, you noisy sea ;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

"We must not dare," the waves reply :
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land ;

"And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

ASPIRATIONS.

I AM four years old this birthday,
So I'm getting very big ;
I am never frightened—never—
No, not even by the pig.

When I'm grown a little older,
I'm to have a beaver hat ;
Not a white one, with a feather—
Such a baby one as that !

And I shall go to Eton school—
How pleasant that will be !
And may I fight the boys, Mamma—
I mean, if they fight me ?

And I shall learn my lessons,
Not with letters on the floor,
But in great books, as Papa has,
And be a dunce no more.

Oh ! I wish that I was bigger !
Do you think I'm growing tall ?
Will you measure me, Mamma,
If I stand against the wall ?

For I'm four years old this birthday,
So I must be brave and bold,
And take care of all the little ones,
Since I am grown so old.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice ; it said, " Drink, pretty creature,
drink !"

And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its
side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden
kneel,

While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening
meal.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
rare !

I watched them with delight, they were a lovely
pair ;

And now with empty can the maiden turned away ;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she
stay.

Towards the lamb she looked, and from that shady
place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face ;
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers
bring,

Thus, *thought I*, to her lamb that little maid might
sing :—

“What ails thee, young one? what? why pull so
at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee, well both for bed and
board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest, what is't that aileth
thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting
to thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong?—and beautiful
thou art;

This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have
no peers;

And that green corn, all day, is rustling in thy
ears!

“If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy
woollen chain,

The beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms! the like thou need'st
not fear—

The rain and storm are things which scarcely can
come here.

“Rest, little young one, rest! hast thou forgot the
day

*When my father found thee first in places far
away?*

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned
by none ;
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was
gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought
thee home ;
A blessed day for thee ! then whither wouldst thou
roam ?
A faithful nurse thou hast, the dam that did thee
yea
Upon the mountain tops, no kinder could have
been.

“Thou know’st that twice a day, I have brought
thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear’as ever ran ;
And twice, too, in the day, when the ground is
wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is,
and new.

“It will not, will not rest !—Poor creature, can
it be
That ’tis thy mother’s heart that is working so in
thee ?
Things that I know not of, belike to thee are dear,
And *dreams of things* which thou canst neither see
nor hear.

" Alas ! the mountain tops, that look so green and fair !

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there ;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

" Here thou need'st not fear the raven in the sky ;
Night and day thou'rt safe—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me ? why pull so at thy chain ?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again !"

WORDSWORTH.

THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER DOLLY.

THERE, go to sleep, Dolly, in own mother's lap ;
I've put on your night-gown and neat little cap ;
So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye,
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
And then make believe that my lap is your bed ;
So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry ;
Bye bye, little Dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up,
And I'll crumb you a mess, in my doll's china cup ;
So wake, little baby, and open your eye,
For I think it high time to have done with bye bye.

THE ROBIN.

SEE, mamma, what a sweet little prize I have
found !

A robin that lay half-benumbed on the ground.
I caught him and fed him and warmed in my
breast,
And now he's as nimble and blithe as the best.

Look, look, how he flutters !—He'll slip from my
hold :

Ah, rogue ! you've forgotten both hunger and
cold !

But indeed 'tis in vain, for I shan't set you free,
For all your whole life you're a prisoner with me.

Well housed and well fed, in your cage you will
sing,

And make our dull winter as gay as the spring.
But stay,—sure 'tis cruel, with wings made to soar,
To be shut up in prison, and never fly more !

And I, who so often have longed for a flight,
Shall I keep you prisoner ?—Mamma—is it right ?
No, come, pretty robin, I must set you free,—
For your whistle, though sweet, would sound sadly
to me.

AKIN.

FOR A CHILD WHO HAS BEEN VERY
NAUGHTY.

LORD, I confess before thy face,
How naughty I have been :
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And pardon this my sin.

Forgive my temper, LORD, I pray,
My passion and my pride ;
The wicked words I dared to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lay me down to rest
In quiet, on my bed,
Until with shame I have confest
The naughty things I said.

The SAVIOUR answered not again,
Nor spoke an angry word,
To all the scoffs of wicked men,
Although He was their Lord !

And who am I, a sinful child,
Such angry words to say ?
Make me as mild as he was mild,
And take my pride away.

For JESUS' sake forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart ;
And grant me grace another time
To act a better part.

TAYLOR.

BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

WATTS.

THE CONTENTED BLIND BOY.

OH ! say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight ?
Oh ! tell a poor Blind Boy !

You talk of wondrous things you *see* ;
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor Blind Boy.

C. CIBBER.

THE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark :
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

ANON.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD IN SICKNESS.

ALMIGHTY God, I'm very ill,
But cure me, if it be thy will :
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say ;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good—for Jesus' sake.

ANON.

GOOD NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed ;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away ;
All the clothes are tuck'd in tight ;
Little baby, dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow ;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane :
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear ;

*For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past ;*

And the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle-bed ;
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby, dear, good night.

NURSERY RHYMES.

THE ROBIN-REDBREASTS.

Two Robin-redbreasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree ;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily ;
And all the little young ones said,
“ Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee.”

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock-robin said, “ My little dears,
’Tis time you learn to fly ; ”
And all the little young ones said,
“ I’ll try, I’ll try, I’ll try.”

I know a child, and who she is
I’ll tell you by and by,
When Mamma says, “ Do this,” or “ that,”
She says, “ What for ? ” and “ Why ? ”
She’d be a better child by far
If *she* would say “ I’ll try.”

AUNT EFFIE’S RHYMES.

AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE.

WHEN, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind ;
But nothing men could do or say,
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
" Father, forgive them," JESUS said,
" They know not what they do."

Dear SAVIOUR, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend ;
But speak that pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.

ANON.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT BEAT HER SISTER.

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss
Your little sister dear ;
I must not have such things as this,
Nor noisy quarrels here.

What ! little children scold and fight,
That ought to be so mild :
Oh ! Mary, 'tis a shocking sight
To see an angry child.

I can't imagine, for my part,
The reason of your folly,
As if she did you any hurt
By playing with your dolly.

See, see the little tears that run
So quickly from her eye :
Come, my sweet innocent, have done,
'Twill do no good to cry.

Go, Mary, wipe her tears away,
And make it up with kisses :
And never turn a pretty play
To such a pet as this is.

ANON.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE went three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high ;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head well armed with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
And he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head,
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age ;
*And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.*

They took a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up then a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
And heaved in poor John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe ;
And still as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But the miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they have taken his very heart's blood
And drunk it round and round ;—
And so farewell, John Barleycorn !
Thy fate thou now hast found.

BURNS.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE
GAINED THEM.

"You are old, father William," the young man
cried,

"The few locks that are left you are grey :
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man :
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man
cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone :
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man
cried,

"And life must be hast'ning away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage :
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care ;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends, who all my wants supply ;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve thee better than on this.

Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care ;
And condescend, for JESUS' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

ANON.

GETTING UP.

BABY, baby, ope your eye,
For the sun is in the sky,
And he's peeping once again
Through the frosty window-pane :
Little baby, do not keep
Any longer fast asleep.

There now, sit in mother's lap,
That she may untie your cap ;
For the little strings have got
Twisted into *such* a knot :
Yes, I see, you've been at play
With the bobbin, as you lay.

There it comes, now let us see
Where your petticoats can be :
Oh ! they're in the window-seat,
Folded very smooth and neat :
When my baby older grows,
She shall double up her clothes.

Now one pretty little kiss,
For dressing you so nice as this ;
And before we go down stairs,
Don't forget to say your prayers ;
For 'tis God who loves to keep
Little babies while they sleep.

THE PIEDMONTESE AND HIS MARMOT.

FROM my dear native moorlands, for many a day,
Thro' fields and thro' cities I've wander'd away ;
Tho' I merrily sing, yet forlorn is my lot ;
I'm a poor Piedmontese, and I show a marmot.
This pretty marmot, in a mountain's steep side
Made a burrow, himself and his young ones to
hide.

The bottom they cover'd with moss and with hay,
And stopp'd up the entrance, and snugly they lay.
They carelessly slept till the cold winter blast,
And the hail, and the deep drifting snow shower
was past,
But the warbling of April awak'd them again
To crop the young plants and to frisk on the plain.

Then I caught this poor fellow and taught him to
dance,
And we liv'd by his tricks as we rambled thro'
France.
But he droops and grows drowsy, as onward we
roam,
And he and his master both pine for their home.
Let your charity then hasten back to his cot
The poor Piedmontese with his harmless marmot.

ALICE.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The faggot lent its blazing light ;
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door,
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t'implore :

" Cold blows the blast across the moor ;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before :
A dreary treeless waste behind.

" My eyes are weak and dim with age ;
No road, no path, can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen inclement sky.

" So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast ;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass’d !”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiff’ning hands in theirs ;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheer’d his drooping soul ;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o’er ;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

AIKIN.

A CHILD'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH
OF A DEAR MOTHER.

A POOR afflicted child, I kneel
Before my heavenly Father's seat,
To tell him all the grief I feel,
And spread my sorrows at his feet.

Yet I must weep ; I cannot stay
These tears that trickle while I bend ;
Since thou art pleased to take away
So dear, so very dear a friend.

And now I recollect with pain
The many times I grieved her sore :
Oh ! if she would but come again,
I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye !
'Twould be my play to do her will !
And she should never have to sigh
Again, for my behaving ill !

But since she's gone so far away,
And cannot profit by my pains,
Let me this child-like duty pay
To that dear parent who remains.

Let me console his broken heart,
And be his comfort by my care ;
That when at last we come to part,
I may not have such grief to bear.

ANON.

GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm
I now lay my little head,
And the rain, and wind, and storm,
Cannot come too nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
Have not anywhere to go ;
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear Mamma, I'll thank you oft
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my weary head.

And I'll lift my heart in prayer
To the God that dwells above ;
Thank Him for His watchful care,
And for all His tender love.

ANON.

THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They perhaps will make it sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

NURSEBY RHYMES.

THE FLY.

THE fly about the candle gay,
Dances with thoughtless hum ;
But short, alas ! his giddy play,
His pleasure proves his doom.

The child, in such simplicity,
About the bee-hive clings,
And with one drop of honey, he
Receives a thousand stings.

ANON.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, 'but not to-day!"
That is what lazy people say ;

"To-morrow I'll work, not now !
To-morrow that lesson hard I'll learn,
To-morrow from that sad fault I'll turn,
To-morrow I'll do it, I vow."

And why not to-day, pray, let me ask ?
To-morrow will have its appointed task,
Each day will bring its own ;
I cannot tell what may happen anew,
I can only see what is next to do,
And a thing once done is done.

He who advances not, must retreat,
Our moments go onward beat by beat,
Not one of them comes again.
To act in the present I still have scope,
But as to the future for which I hope,
May not that hope be vain ?

In the book of my life, each useless day
That passes all unemploy'd away,
Is but an unwritten page.
Well, then, I'll keep striving on and on,
That some good deed on every one
May be written, from youth to age.

EASY RHYMES AND SIMPLE POEMS.

THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

"WHICH is the Queen of the Roses?
Gardener, can you tell?"

"Oh! the Queen of the Roses to me, Sir,
Is my own little grandchild Nell.

"She waters the flowers for me, Sir,
She carries them out to sell;
Not one is so bright to me, Sir,
As my own little grandchild Nell.

"She works in my garden too, Sir,
She weeds in the shady dell,
Where the violets and the lilies
Blossom around my Nell.

"I love the flowers I've tended,
More years than I can tell;
Geranium, sweet pea, fuchsia,
Jessamine, gentianelle;

"Salvia, and china aster,
Heliotrope, heather bell;
My flowers have been my treasures,
Next to my grandchild Nell.

"But the Rose is the Queen of the Flowers,
As every one can tell,
And she is the Queen of the Roses,
My own granddaughter Nell."

MRS. HAWTREY.

THE CUCKOO.

AND so you have come back again,
And it was you I heard
Proclaiming it to all the world—
You most conceited bird.

You talked of nothing but yourself
When you were here before,
Until your voice became so hoarse
That you could talk no more.

And now you fly from bush to bush,
And say "Cuckoo, cuckoo."
Have you no friends to care about?
No useful work to do?

I hear you're such a lazy bird,
You cannot build a nest;
Perhaps you could, if you would try—
We ought to do our best.

The little bird that told me this
Suspected something worse,—
That you neglect your little ones,
And put them out to nurse.

Oh, Cuckoo! if this story's true,
I think you're much to blame.
Then talk no more about yourself;
Go, hide yourself, for shame!

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay ;
But I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty, and give you a pain ;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

But lest, after all, I should dare
To act an undutiful part,
Whenever I'm saying my prayer,
I'll ask for a teachable heart.

ANON.

MAMMA AND THE BABY.

WHAT a little thing am I !
Hardly higher than the table ;
I can eat, and play, and cry,
But to work I am not able.

*Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and show me :*

Sweet mamma, I love her so,
She's so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee,
Very often, for some kisses :
Oh ! how good I'll try and be,
For such a dear Mamma as this is.

NURSERY RHYMES.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watch'd you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
And, little butterfly ! indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless !—not frozen seas
More motionless !—and then,
What joy awaits you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !
This plot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are weary.
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
Come to us often, fear no wrong ;
Sit near us on the bough !
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WORDSWORTH.

MINNIE.

LEARN your lessons well to-day,
 Little Minnie ;
Then we will have merry play,
 Minnie ! Minnie !
Now first say your A, B, C ;
Then count numbers, One, Two, Three ;
Then your verses say to me,
 Minnie !
You are but a little one,
 Minnie ! Minnie !
And you like best play and fun,
 Little Minnie.
But it can't be always play ;
Not to work throughout the day,
Would be wasting time away,
 Minnie !

SUMMER SONGS.

THE LITTLE HARE.

BEYOND the palings of the park
 A Hare had made her form,
Beneath a drooping fern, that made
 A shelter snug and warm.
She slept until the daylight came,
 And all things were awake,
And then the Hare, with noiseless steps,
 Crept softly from the brake.

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,
Looked timidly around
With open eyes, and ears erect
That caught the smallest sound.

The Field-mouse rustled in the grass,
The Squirrel in the trees,
But Puss was not at all afraid
Of common sounds like these.

She frisked and gambolled with delight,
And cropped a leaf or two
Of clover, and of tender grass
That glistened in the dew.

What was it, then, that made her start,
And run away so fast ?
She heard the distant sound of hounds,
She heard the huntsman's blast.

Tally-ho !—hoy !—tally-ho !
The hounds are in full cry ;
Ehew ! ehew !—in scarlet coats
The men are sweeping by.

So off she set with a spring and a bound,
Over the meadows and open ground,
Faster than hunter and faster than hound ;
And on—and on—till she lost the sound,
And away went the little Hare.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

COME, beat the drum, the flag display,
And give three hearty cheers ;
We'll muster for a grand field day
Our little Volunteers.

Come, each with knee-cap, belt, and pouch,
And rifle duly borne ;
And let the general-order book
Say, "Shakos to be worn."

Our Adjutant shall put us through
Our facings and our drill ;
We hope he'll praise our soldier-like
Appearance and our skill.

Our Captain, too, will draw his sword,
And, marching at our head,
He'll vow that we're as brave a troop
Of boys as e'er were led.

Each private then within the ranks
Will feel his bosom glow,
And burn in real fields to try
His prowess 'gainst the foe.

*Oh ! if young Boney e'er should hatch
His uncle's mad design,*

And think beyond the Channel's gulf
To spring a dreadful mine ;

He ne'er can win on British soil
A place his foot to set ;
But from thy point must needs recoil,
Thou British bayonet !

For on the land's extremest verge,
The serried lines will be
Ready his columns back to drive,
And overwhelm them in the sea.

The Guards, the Line, will stand their ground,
And we, too, shall be there,
Prepared to fight for hearth and home,
And you, ye British fair !

For though from plough, or loom, or desk,
We troop at war's alarms,
Our hearts are full of high emprise
As theirs whose trade is arms.

Then while the sons of camp and sea
You honour with your cheers,
One hearty shout, one kindly wish,
Keep for us Volunteers !

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION :

FOUND IN THE TRAP, WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED
ALL NIGHT.

OH, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thy heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

For here folorn and sad I sit
Within this wiry grate ;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong, oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh ! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth ;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth !

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply :
But, if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,—

*The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given ;*

Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.
The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

BARBAULD.

BREAKFAST AND PUSS.

HERE's my baby's bread and milk,
For her lip as soft as silk ;
Here's the basin clean and neat,
Here's the spoon of silver sweet,
Here's the stool, and here's the chair,
For my little lady fair.

No, you must not spill it out,
And drop the bread and milk about ;
But let it stand before you flat,
And pray remember pussy cat—
Poor old pussy cat, that purrs,
All so patiently for hers.

True, she runs about the house,
Catching now and then a mouse ;
But, though she thinks it very nice,
That only makes a tiny slice :
So don't forget that you should stop,
And leave poor puss a little drop.

NURSERY RHYMES.

THE LADY-BIRD IN THE FIELDS.

LADY-BIRD ! lady-bird ! fly away home,
The field-mouse has gone to her nest ;
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home,
The glow-worm is lighting his lamp ;
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home,
The fairy-bells tingle afar ;
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you
fast,
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

ANON.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL THAT DID NOT LIKE TO
BE WASHED.

WHAT ! cry when I wash you ! not love to be
clean !

There, go and be dirty, unfit to be seen :
And till you leave off, and I see you have smiled,
I'll not take the trouble to wash such a child.

Suppose I should leave you now, just as you are,
*Do you think you'd deserve a sweet kiss from papa,
Or to sit on his knee and learn pretty great A,
With fingers that have not been wash'd all the day?*

Ay, look at your fingers, you see it is so :
Did you ever behold such a black little row ?
And now you may look at yourself in the glass :
There's a face to belong to a good little lass !
Come, come then, I see you're beginning to clear,
You won't be so foolish again, will you, dear ?

ANON.

WE ARE SEVEN ;
OR, A CHILD'S NOTION OF DEATH.

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?
I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.
She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.
“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?”
“How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.
“And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we ;

And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet you are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
*And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.*

- "And, often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.
- "The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.
- "So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.
- "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."
- "How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master ! we are seven."
- "But they are dead ; those two are dead ;
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

THE LITTLE ANTS.

A LITTLE black ant found a large grain of wheat,
Too heavy to lift or to roll ;
So he begg'd of a neighbour he happen'd to
meet,
To help it down into his hole.

"I've got my own work to see after," said he ;
"You must shift for yourself, if you please ;"
So he crawl'd off, as selfish and cross as could be,
And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
And seeing his neighbour in want,
Came up and assisted him in with his load ;
For he was a good-natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear
Endeavour to profit by it ;
For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant, every bit.

And the good - natured ant who assisted his
brother,
May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
Then children most certainly ought.

LOVE YOUR LITTLE BROTHER.

I HAD a little friend,
And every day he crept
In sadness to his brother's tomb,
And laid him down and wept.

And when I ask'd him why
He mourn'd so long and sore,
He answer'd through his tears, "Because
I did not love him more.

"Sometimes I was not kind,
Or cross, or coldly spake."
And then he turn'd away, and sobb'd
As though his heart would break.

Brothers and sisters are a gift
Of mercy from the skies ;
And may I always think of this
Whene'er they meet my eyes.

Be tender, good, and kind,
And love them in my heart,
Lest I should sigh with bitter grief
When we are call'd to part.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BABY.

BABY, with the golden hair,
Climbing here, and climbing there,
Climbing on the rocking-chair—
Sweet Baby !

Ah ! he finds it is not steady ;
He is tottering already ;
He is frightened—save him, Eddy—
Save Baby !

Now he's safely on the ground,
But the rogue is turning round,
For the rocking-chair still bound—
Oh, Baby !

Blue-eyed Baby, oh ! beware
How you clamber everywhere ;
Treacherous is the rocking-chair,
My Baby !

Better far not climb at all,
But upon the carpet crawl,
If you would not fear to fall,
Dear Baby !

SUMMER SONGS.

TO A HEDGE-SPARROW.

LITTLE flutt'rer ! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near ;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
Little flutt'rer ! cease to fear.

One who would protect thee ever,
From the school-boy, kite, and hawl.,
Musing, now obtrudes, but never
Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel, stealing sily,
Would permit thy eggs to take ;
Nor the pole-cat, nor the wily
Adder, nor the speckled snake.

May no cuckoo, wandering near thee,
Lay her egg within thy nest ;
Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
Be destroyed by such a guest !

Little flutt'rer ! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near ;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
Little flutt'rer ! cease to fear.

ANTHOLOGY.

FATHER'S RETURN HOME.

RAINDROPS patter,
Hailstones clatter,
Round the cottage sweeps the gale ;
Raging, moaning,
Blustering, groaning,
Now a roar, and now a wail.

Dripping, dreary,
Shivering, weary,
Father comes in from the gloom ;
Brightly glowing,
Welcome throwing,
Shines the fire-light thro' the room.

Savoury smelling
Through the dwelling,
Browns the oatcake in the pan ;
Bridget bakes it,
Turns it, shakes it,
For the hungry, tired man.

Blue eyes beaming,
White teeth gleaming,
Peeps the youngest from his cot ;
Little Lizzy,
Blithe and busy,
Makes the porridge thick and hot.

These are pleasures,
These are treasures,
Wealth and power may fail to bring ;
Radiance casting,
Pure and lasting,
Joys from honest toil that spring.

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

DRESSING UP.

DRESSING UP ! Who can forget—
Who, that childhood's days remember,
When the days were dark and wet,
In the dull month of December—
Dressing up, the joy of all,
For gay charade, or mimic ball ?
Old brocades we brought to light,
Seized upon each knot and feather,
Glad to find a ribbon bright,
In the spoil we heaped together.
How each masker did aspire
To be tricked in quaint attire !
Emily was made a queen,
Grace was dressed up as a peasant,
Johnny, too, could something glean
From Aunt Lucy's noble present,
Ere we met her laughing gaze :
Happy, happy early days !

SUMMER SONGS.

THE WATER-MILL.

"ANY grist for the Mill?"

How merrily it goes !

Flap, flap, flap, flap,

While the water flows.

Round-about, and round-about,

The heavy mill-stones grind,

And the dust flies all about the Mill,

And makes the Miller blind.

"Any grist for the Mill?"

The jolly farmer packs

His waggon with a heavy load

Of very heavy sacks.

Noisily, oh noisily,

The mill-stones turn about ;

You cannot make the Miller hear

Unless you scream and shout.

"Any grist for the Mill?"

The bakers come and go ;

They bring their empty sacks to fill,

And leave them down below.

The dusty Miller and his men

Fill all the sacks they bring,

And while they go about their work

Right merrily they sing.

“ Any grist for the Mill ? ”

How quickly it goes round !
Splash, splash, splash, splash,
With a whirring sound.
Farmers, bring your corn to-day ;
And bakers, buy your flour ;
Dusty millers, work away,
While it is in your power.

“ Any grist for the Mill ? ”

Alas ! it will not go ;
The river, too, is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.
And when the frosty weather comes,
And freezes up the streams,
The Miller only hears the mill,
And grinds the corn, in dreams.

Living close beside the Mill,
The Miller's girls and boys
Always play at make-bèlieve,
Because they have no toys.

“ Any grist for our Mill ? ”

The elder brothers shout,
While all the little Petticoats
Go whirling round about.

The Miller's little boys and girls
Rejoice to see the snow.

Good father, play with us to-day ;
 You cannot work, you know.
We will be the mill-stones,
 And you shall be the wheel ;
We'll pelt each other with the snow,
 And it shall be the meal."

Oh, heartily the Miller's wife
 Is laughing at the door ;
She never saw the mill worked
 So merrily before.
"Bravely done, my little lads,
 Rouse up the lazy wheel,
For money comes but slowly in
 When snow-flakes are the meal."

ANON.

SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

CHILDREN go
 To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row ;
 Footsteps light,
 Faces bright :
 'Tis a happy sight.
*Swiftly turning round and round,
Do not look upon the ground.*

Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free,
So are we ;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "twice two ;"
When we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as birds or anything.

Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Work is done,
Play's begun ;
Now we have our laugh and fun.

Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a little happy band.

Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

MRS. FOLLEN.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD UPON GETTING
WELL.

I THANK the Lord who lives on high ;
He heard an infant pray,
And cured me, that I should not die,
And took my pains away.

O let me thank and love thee too,
As long as I shall live ;
And every naughty thing I do,
I pray thee to forgive.

ANON.

THE COTTAGE HOME.

COME, my children, to your supper,
Put your books and toys away ;
Annie, you may leave your stitching,
You have done enough to-day.

Ready for you on the table,
Filled with milk the basins stand ;
Not a child could wish for better,
Not the fairest in the land !

Now I cut the loaf of barley,
Each shall have a slice in turn ;
First stand up, and ask the blessing—
To be grateful let us learn !

While the grey November twilight
Gathers darkly all around,
In the wind the trees are rocking,
With a sad and moaning sound.

But our kitchen seems the brighter
For the outside dark and gloom,
While the flickering rosy fire-light
Dances round the pleasant room.

Sometimes resting for a moment
On the curls of little Ned,
As he sits upon the trivet,
Busy with his milk and bread.

Sometimes flashing on the cradle,
Where, within the curtains white,
Sleeps the quiet little baby,
Tucked in snugly for the night.

Still without the night grows darker,
And the wind sighs deeper still,
While around us there are many
Naked, hungry, sad, and ill.

O my children ! we are happy,
Let us be so while we may ;
And for all our many blessings,
Be more thankful every day !

APPLES.

Down ! down ! down !

Down, under the tree,
See the apples falling,
As ripe as they can be.

Beautiful golden apples,
Yellow, brown, and red ;
Down, down they fall in showers,
And over the green grass spread.

Come, little girls and boys,
Leave your books and play ;
Help to gather the apples—
No more school to-day.

Fill your hats and aprons,
Shake the tree again !
See, they fall around you,
Like the summer rain.

Some take into the kitchen,
Heap the basket high ;
Cook, your paste get ready,
Make us an apple pie.

Some are meant for cider—
Those leave under the tree,
To make them ripe and mellow,
As cider-apples should be.

Some we'll keep till Winter,
Till the merry Christmas days,
When friends are met together
Around the bright wood blaze.

So, help and gather the apples,
Working while you play ;
Put away the lessons—
No more school to-day.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed,
A scarlet poppy grew ;
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win
By all these efforts made,
And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flow'rs around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As is this gaudy weed.

JANE TAYLOR.

FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry-tree,
And he said, "You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"

"Thank you kindly," said a cherry,
"We would rather stay up here ;
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig ;
"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
"Red and ripe, and oh, how big !"

"Catch me," said the cherry, "catch me,
Little master, if you can."
"I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes ;
But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddie,
"I shall have them when it's right ;"
But a blackbird whistled boldly,
"*I shall eat them all to-night.*"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

THE curling waves, with awful roar,
A little boat assailed ;
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevailed—

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm ;
And cheerful, with composure, smiled
At danger's threatening form.

“And sport'st thou thus,” a seaman cried,
“While terrors overwhelm ?”
“Why should I fear ?” the boy replied,
“My father's at the helm !”

So when our worldly all is reft—
Our earthly helper gone,
We still have one true anchor left—
God helps, and He alone.

He to our prayers will bend an ear,
He gives our pangs relief ;
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,
When want and woes o'erwhelm ;
Remembering, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

CATCHING PRAWNS.

ALL among the slippery rocks,
Wetting shoes and spoiling frocks,
See Fred, and May, and little Flo !
Net in hand, they cunning look
In each sea-weed hidden nook,
And watch the prawns dart to and fro.

“ Catch them—catch them quick ! ” cries May.
“ Hold the net down—that’s the way,
Just as the fisherman would do.”
In the water, Fred, knee deep,
Sinks his net, and makes a sweep,
And some are caught, and some leap through.

“ Will they bite me ? ” falters Flo.
Braver May replies, “ Oh, no !
Now, hold the basket—that’s the thing !
Shut the lid, or out again
They’ll jump back ; and what would Jane
Say, if no supper home we bring ? ”

The prawns they swim, the prawns they leap ;
But suddenly the pool gets deep,
And little Flo calls out to May.
*The rising tide has nearly caught her,
And filled her little shoes with water,
And see ! the basket floats away.*

Fred, in alarm, flings down his net,
And catches Flo (his darling pet),
And in his arms he holds her tight.

"Grasp my jacket, May !" he cries,
As to gain the shore he tries,
And struggles on with all his might.

Wet—as wet as wet can be—
Stand the little shivering three,
No prawns, no basket, and no net.
Long, I think, 'twill be ere they
Are allowed to go and play
At catching prawns, and getting wet.

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

THE COCK.

WITHIN a homestead lived, without a peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer.
More certain was the crowing of this cock
To number hours than is an abbey clock ;
And sooner than the morning bell was rung
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost and sung.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle-wall :
His bill was raven black, and shone like jet ;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet ;
White were his nails, like silver to behold ;
His body glitter'd like the burnish'd gold.

DEYDEN.

THE MUFFIN-MAN'S BELL.

"TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle:" 'tis the muffin-man you see:

"Tinkle, tinkle," says the muffin-man's bell ;

"Any crumpets, any muffins, any cakes for your tea .

There are plenty here to sell."

"Tinkle," says the little bell, clear and bright ;

"Tinkle, tinkle," says the muffin-man's bell ;

We have had bread and milk for supper to-night,

And some nice plum-cake as well.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," says the little bell again,

But it sounds quite far away ;

"If you don't buy my muffins and my cakes, it is plain

I must take them home to-day."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

HAY-MAKING.

In the hay, in the hay,

Toss we and tumble ;

No one to say us nay,

All through this Summer's day,

No one to grumble.

In the hay, in the hay,

Arthur we'll smother ;

Bring armfuls, heap them high,

Pile them up—now good-bye,

Poor little brother !

In the hay, in the hay,
 Snugly reclining,
Shaded from noontide heat,
Smelling the clover sweet,
 See us all dining ;

While the hay-makers sit
 Under the willows,
Each with their bread and cheese
Spread out upon their knees,
 Hay for their pillows.

Hark ! how they laugh and chat,
 Happy, light-hearted !
Now to their work they go,
Raking up one long row,
 Fit to be carted.

Now comes the waggon near,
 Quickly they're loading ;
Rake away ! rake away !
While it's fine, make the hay—
 Rain I'm foreboding.

Now that the sunset ray
 Says the day's over,
Homeward we take our way,
In the cart strewn with hay,
 Smelling of clover.

SUMMER SONG.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colours bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bow'r,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd ;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see ;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine-tree,
The little Turtle-dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye

Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo," said the Turtle-dove,
"Coo," said she.
"Oh, I love thee," said the Turtle-dove.
"And I love THEE."

In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery !

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in the nest ;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.
"Coo," said the little doves.
"Coo," said she.
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine-tree.

Is this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the Turtle-dove's nest—
Do you love one another ?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be ?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

BOYS' PLAY AND GIRLS' PLAY.

"Now, let's have a game of play,
Lucy, Jane, and little May.
I will be a grisly bear,
Prowling here and prowling there,
Sniffing round and round about,
Till I find you children out ;
And my dreadful den shall be
Deep within the hollow tree."

"Oh, no ! please not, Robert dear,
Do not be a grisly bear ;
Little May was half afraid
When she heard the noise you made,
Roaring like a lion strong,
Just now, as you came along ;
And she'll scream and start to-night,
If you give her any fright."

"Well, then, I will be a fox !
You shall be the hens and cocks,
In the farmer's apple-tree,
Crowing out so lustily.
I will softly creep this way—
Peep—and pounce upon my prey ;
And I'll bear you to my den—
Where the fern grows in the glen."

"Oh, no, Robert ! you're so strong !
While you're dragging us along,
I'm afraid you'll tear our frocks.
We *won't* play at hens and cocks."

"If you won't play fox or bears,
I'm a dog, and you be hares ;
Then you'll only have to run—
Girls are never up to fun."

"You've *your* play, and we have *ours*.
Go and climb the trees again.
I, and little May, and Jane,
Are so happy with our flowers.
Jane is culling foxglove bells,
May and I are making posies,
And we want to search the dells
For the latest summer roses."

MRS. HAWTREY.

THE SPIDER.

THE treach'rous spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie,
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly :
Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom ;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

DRYDEN.

PUSSEY-CAT.

PUSSEY-CAT lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back, and purr ;
The little Mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir ;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The Pussey-Cat says, "Come out, if you dare ;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little Mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese ;
The Pussey-Cat said, "It smells very nice,
Now do come out, if you please."

"Squeak," said the little Mouse ; "squeak, squeak,
Said all the young ones too ; [squeak,"
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we're afraid of you."

So the cunning old Cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall :
"If the little Mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep ;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little Mouse, "we'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese,
That silly old Cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble went all the little Mice,
And they licked their little paws ;
Then the cunning old Cat sprang up from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

MORNING HYMN.

'Tis God who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise ;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thine early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

DR. WATTS.

A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

A HUNGRY Spider made a web
Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little slender line.

Round-about, and round-about,
And round-about it spun,
Straight across and back again,
Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty shining web
It was, when it was done !
The little flies all came to see
It hanging in the sun.

Round-about, and round-about,
And round-about they danced,
Across the web and back again
They darted and they glanced.

The hungry Spider sat and watched
The happy little flies ;
It saw all round about its head,
It had so many eyes.

Round-about, and round-about,
And round-about they go,
Across the web and back again,
Now high—now low.

"I am hungry, very hungry,"

Said the Spider to a fly.

"If you were caught within the web,

You very soon should die."

But round-about, and round-about,

And round-about once more,

Across the web and back again

They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise

To venture near the Spider ;

They flapped their little wings and flew

In circles rather wider.

Round-about, and round-about,

And round-about went they,

Across the web and back again,

And then they flew away.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE ROSE.

CHILD of summer, lovely rose,

In thee what blushing beauty glows !

But ere to-morrow's setting sun

Thy beauty fades, thy form is gone.

Yet though no grace thy buds retain,

Their pleasing odours still remain.

Ye fair, betimes the moral prize.

'Tis lasting beauty to be wise !

ANON.

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed !
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me :
Pride and Pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal
While I pick my scanty meal ;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye—
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane ;
Ask of me thy daily store ;
Go not near the miser's door :
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.
Savage !—he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast ;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

LANGHORNE.

FEEDING CHICKENS.

COME, see the chickens fed,
Annie and Charlie ;
Who'll take the bowl of bread ?
Who'll carry barley ?

See the white pigeons come,
Quickly down flying ;
Ducks waddle from the pond,
Barley-meal spying.

There is the fine old cock,
Gallantly crowing,
Calling the hens to come,
For the corn's going.

See all those yellow chicks,
Close to their mothers ;
Won't they be trod upon
By all the others ?

Now, fill your little hands
Quite full of barley—
Scatter it far and wide,
Annie and Charlie.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

You little twinkling stars, that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy lying here,
With neither book nor toy ;
For I am sent to bed, because
I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did :
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid !

I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read,
And not to have my own way yet
Is very hard indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak ;
But you may twinkle all night long,
And play at hide-and-seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies and through the clouds,
And round about the Pole !

The moon, that once was round and full,
Is now a silver boat ;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged cloud,
And then—how we should float !

Does anybody say, " Be still,"
When you would dance or play ?
Does anybody hinder you
When you would have your way ?

Oh ! tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to west,
So patiently and slow ?

" We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way ;
We never question—when He speaks
We listen and obey."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

OUR SAILOR-BOY.

Our sailor-boy is on the sea,
Our sailor-boy is far away,
And we are longing for the day
When he again with us will be.

We hear the birds upon the eaves,
We smell the roses on the wall,
And sit beneath the elm-tree tall,
In shade of over-arching leaves.

But round him breaks the salt spray now,
The sea-breeze stirs his curly hair ;
The southern sun, with ruthless glare,
Embrown his ruddy cheek and brow.

He coasts along the Syrian strand,
Land which the Christian holds so dear,
Though mosque and minaret are there,
Unhallowed shrines on holy land.

Or roves he 'mid the Grecian isles,
Renowned in story and in song,
Less thinking, as he sails along,
Of mythic lore than home's sweet smiles.

He longs to tread on English ground ;
Too long, too long, he's been away,
And joyful shall we hail the day
That tells us he is homeward bound.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE GLOWWORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray,
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed ;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure, the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod,

Nor crush a worm whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis Power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

ANON.

NAUGHTY BABY.

BABY, Baby Charlie,
Naughty in his play,
Slapping little Annie,
Pushing her away !

Patting with his soft hands,
Laughing in his fun ;
Slapping with such good-will,
That the tear-drops run.

Do not cry, dear Annie,
Wipe away the tear ;
Keep away from Charlie,
Do not come so near ;

Or his little hands will
Pull your curly hair.
Peep at baby, Annie—
Peep behind the chair.

Kiss the baby, darling,
Kiss the little one ;
He is only playing,
In his baby fun.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE ELEPHANT.

IN Asia and in Africa
The Elephant is found ;
He larger is than any beast
That walks upon the ground.

When tame, he gentle is and mild,
And does what he's desired ;
But if he's mocked or treated ill,
With anger he is fired.

For wisdom he is often praised ;
His meats are fruits and grain ;
He water, wine, or spirits drinks,
But does from flesh abstain.

Of music he is very fond,
He likes to smell sweet flowers ;
And princes in the East do ride
Upon his back in towers.

When wild he's hunted by the men
That they his tusks may sell—
These tusks are ivory, we learn ;
Its use we all can tell.

EASY RHYMES AND SIMPLE POEMS.

THE GIANT.

“Do tell me why the kettle’s lid
Is moving up and down ?
And why that smoke comes puffing out
So fiercely from the kettle’s spout ?
It sprinkles, see, your gown !”

“Ah ! Charlie, boy, you do not know
That under that small lid
A giant, powerful and strong,
Who pushes ships and trains along,
Is in the kettle hid.”

“A real giant ! Oh, Mamma !
You must be in a dream.”

“No dream, my child ; the slave of man,
He does more work than horses can :
The giant’s name is Steam.

“Giants of old were mighty men,
Who mighty deeds could do ;
So, when *one* does the work of *ten*,
In digging mine, or draining fen,
We call him giant too.

“And steam has strength for work so vast
You can no giant name,
In all the books, from first to last,
Which tell the story of the past,
That ever did the same.

“ And you, my boy, will learn one day,
How that which moves the lid
Can with the ponderous piston play,
And make the fly-wheel spin away,
And work as it is bid.”

SUMMER SONGS.

THE GOOD BOY'S HYMN ON GOING TO BED.

How sweet to lay my weary head
Upon my quiet little bed,
And feel assured that all day long
I have not knowingly done wrong!

How sweet to hear my mother say,
“ You have been very good to-day!”
How sweet to see my father's joy
When he can say, “ My dear good boy!”

How sweet it is my thoughts to send
To many a dear-loved distant friend,
And feel, if they my heart could see,
How very happy they would be!

How sweet to think that He whose love
Made all these shining worlds above
My pure and happy heart can see,
And loves a little boy like me.

MRS. FOLLEN.

THE VILLAGE SHOP.

At the corner of the road
Stands the little village store,
Where the rustics congregate
Round the ever-open door.

Heaped within its little space,
Who can tell the treasures there?
Bacon, sugar, herrings, bread,
Bowls and cups of earthenware.

Brooms and brushes laid along,
O'er the head suspended high,
Where the candles in a row
With the cheese in fragrance vie.

Braces dangle from the wall,
Bright cravats for men are there,
Coloured socks of many hues,
Ribbons gay and kerchiefs fair.

Shelves of bread, and casks of salt,
Yellow butter, eggs like snow;
Hessian, calico, and print,
Oranges in shining row.

Drawers where many reels of thread,
Tape, and cotton tangled lie—
Pins, and needles, bodkins, *tape*,
Skeins of worsted you may buy.

Bottles green of sugar-stick,
Peppermint, or lollipop ;
All is found within the walls
Of the little village shop.

MRS. HAWTREY.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How pleasant it is at the end of the day
No follies to have to repent ;
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent.

When I've done all my bus'ness with patience and
care,
And been good, and obliging, and kind,
I lie on my pillow and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confest,
That I careless and idle have been ;
I lie down as usual, and go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then, as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it ;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good—without being contented.

JANE TAYLOR.

JENNY'S TROUBLE.

JENNY's in a peck of trouble,
She has broke her precious doll ;
So she heeds not father's stories,
Which he tells to Anne and Moll.

Little Jenny puts her finger
In the corner of her eye ;
Very soon, I think, you'll see her
Bursting out into a cry.

Call her quickly, tell her something ;
Say : " The kitten's got the ball,"—
If you rouse her from her trouble,
Jenny will forget it all.

Give her not a word of pity,
Give her not a word of blame ;
Say not, " Never mind it, Jenny."
Say not, " Broke it ! oh ! for shame !"

Blame and pity will but harrow
The young tendrils of her heart ;
If she once forget her sorrow,
She'll no longer feel its smart.

Happy children—happy parents—
If their blessings they but knew !—
If they only made life's trials,
Times for taking heart anew !

Give no time to fruitless sorrow,
If you would the victory gain !
So the chief, in battle worsted,
Takes a breath, and fights again.

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

THE CHRISTMAS-TIME.

'Tis Christmas-time—the joyous time,
When loud from belfry towers the chime
Of merry bells, so glad and gay,
Proclaim the holy Christmas-day.

The church is decked with holly bright ;
Each face is beaming with delight,
And mourners put their grief away,
Upon the joyful Christmas-day.

Good-will to man and peace on earth ;
Rejoice with pure and guileless mirth,
And highest praises to Him pay,
Through whom we have a Christmas-day.

Give, with free hand, our choicest store
To all who need, to old and poor ;
With friends rejoice, with children play,
Make happy all on Christmas-day.

Nor let the common thought appear,
That Christmas comes but once a year ;
And, till next year has passed away,
Let it be ever Christmas-day.

SUMMER SONGS.

I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind ;
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind ;
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother ;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed :
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day ;
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother ;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray :
How much I'll strive to please her,
She every hour shall see ;
For should she go away or die,
What would become of me ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

EVENING.

SEE, the rooks are homeward flying,
In the yellow evening sky,
When the summer sun is setting,
'Mid bright clouds of many a dye.
And the peasant lad all weary
Wends his way across the moor,
With a whistle loud and cheery—
Work is done—the day is o'er.

Bees around the hive are humming,
Bringing home their golden store ;
Children from their play are coming,
Wearied—they can play no more.
O'er the grass the dew is falling,
Flowers close up their petals bright ;
Birds are roosting—friends are calling,
As they pass, " Good night—good night !"
CHILDREN'S SONGS.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen ;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.

Now, within her humble door,
Sweeping clean her kitchen floor ;
While upon the wall, so white,
Hang her coppers, polish'd bright.

Mary never idle sits ;
She either sews, or spins, or knits ;
Hard she labours all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And, on Sunday, Mary goes
Neatly dress'd, in decent clothes,
Says her prayers (a constant rule),
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh ! how good should we be found,
Who live on happy, English ground ;
Where rich and poor and wretched may
All learn to walk in Wisdom's way.

JANE TAYLOR

EARLY PIETY.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes :
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young :
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days
Or fit for early death.

EASY RHYMES AND SIMPLE POEMS.

THE COTTAGE CHILDREN.

HAPPY little children,
In their cottage low,
Sheltered when the rain falls,
Or the rough winds blow.

Thinking nothing better
Than their bread and milk ;
In russet garb as joyous
As in robes of silk.

Little ~~has~~ their mother,
But, though small her store,
She can clothe and feed them,
And she asks no more.

All day working for them,
With her love's great might ;
Sleeping calmly by them
Through the silent night.

Dreaming not of riches,
Poor content to be,
And the future leaving
To its poverty.

Knowing, if the ravens
Certainly are fed,
They will never hunger
For their daily bread.

PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
✓ How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half-naked I behold ;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

DR. WATTS.

H Y M N

HAST thou beheld the glorious sun
Thro' all the skies his circuit run,
At rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beams his noon-tide ray ?

Say, didst thou e'er attentive view
The evening cloud or morning dew ?
Or, after rain, the watery bow
Rise in the east, a beauteous show ?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar,
When rous'd by some tremendous storm
Its billows rose in dreadful form ?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The sleety shower, the biting hail ;
Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains,
The water bound in icy chains ?

Hast thou the wondrous scenes survey'd
That all around thee are display'd,
And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
To Him who bade these scenes arise ?

*Hast thou the various beings seen
That sport along the valley green,*

That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ray ?

That shoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep ?
That thro' the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and deserts strange ?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And view'd the fields of waving grain ?—
The flowery mead and leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love.

'Twas God who form'd the concave sky,
And all the glorious orbs on high,
Who gave the various beings birth
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis He that bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder thro' the skies :
His voice the elements obey,
Through all the earth extends his sway.

His goodness all his creatures share ;
But man is his peculiar care ;
Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
Let man his voice the loudest raise.

ANON.

THE FLOWER SPIRITS.

Who has gathered the rose,
And then flung it away,
In its beauty and fragrance,
To fade and decay ?

Scarce had it ventured,
All blushing and red,
To look at the sun
From its mossy bed ;

Scarce had it smiled
On the bright summer's day,
When some ruthless hand plucked it,
And bore it away.

From the bees, and the flowers,
And the gay butterfly,
It was torn, and there left,
On the hard stone to die.

Oh ! weep for the rose,
It is dying alone,
Far from its sister buds
On the cold stone.

Long ere another
So beautiful blows ;
Weep, flower spirits,
Oh ! weep for your rose !

SUMMER SONGS.

WHO MADE THEM ?

“MOTHER, who made the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky ?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up so high ?”

“’Twas God, my child, the glorious One—
He form’d them by His power ;
He made alike the brilliant sun
And every leaf and flower.

“He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs so light and free.

“He paints each fragrant flower that glows
With loveliness and bloom ;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.

“Our various wants His hands supply,
And guard us every hour ;
We’re kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guided by His power.

“Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend who, from above,
So gently guides your way.”

ANON.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless Orphan's tale !
Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake,—
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy :
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an Orphan Boy !

Poor foolish child—how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame !

To force me home my mother sought,—
She could not bear to see my joy ;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor Orphan Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;
" Rejoice ! rejoice !" still cried the crowd,—
My mother answered with her tears.

" Why are you crying so," said I,
" While others laugh and shout for joy ?"
She kissed me, and with such a sigh,
She called me her poor Orphan Boy !

“What *is* an Orphan Boy?” I said,
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid,—
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!
My hardships since I will not tell;—
But now no more a parent’s joy,
Ah! lady, I have learned too well
What ’tis to be an Orphan Boy!

MRS. OPIL.

SULKY SARAH.

WHY is Sarah standing there,
Leaning down upon a chair,
With such an angry lip and brow?
I wonder what’s the matter now.
Come here, my dear, and tell me true;
Is it because I spoke to you
About the work you’d done so slow,
That you are standing fretting so?
Why then, indeed, I’m grieved to see
That you can so ill-temper’d be:
You make your fault a great deal worse
By being angry and perverse.
Oh, how much better ’twould appear
To see you shed a humble tear,
And then to hear you meekly say,
“I’ll not do so another day.”

JANE TAYLOR.

THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

"WHERE do you come from, Pigeon, I pray,
And what has brought you here to-day?"
"From Scotland I come, and under my wing
A letter from Grandmamma I bring."

"Oh! Pigeon, what does the letter say?"
"It says, that though she is far away,
Grandmamma loves her darling well—
A great deal more than she can tell."

"And she hopes that you are a good little child,
Gentle, obedient, docile, and mild;
And she sends in the letter kisses three,
For Mary, and you, and the baby wee."

"Oh! pretty Pigeon, fly back once more:
The fields are covered with golden store,
But stay not a single grain to taste—
Fly back to my Grandmamma with haste;

"And tell her, you pretty white-winged dove,
That I send her a kiss, and I send her my love;
And tell her, I wish she would come and see
The new little baby, and Mary, and me."

SUMMER SONGS.

LITTLE BIRD ! LITTLE BIRD !

“ LITTLE bird ! little bird ! come to me !
I have a green cage ready for thee ;
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh, ripe cherries, all wet with dew.”

“ Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,—
But I dearly love the clear, cool air ;
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree.”
“ Little bird ! little bird ! stay with me.”

“ Nay, little damsel ; away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky.
When Spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again.”

“ Little bird ! little bird ! who'll guide thee
Over the hills, and over the sea ?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way.”

“ Ah, no, little maiden ! God guides me
Over the hills, and over the sea.
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere.”

A R A B I A.

O'ER Arabia's desert sands
The patient camel walks,
'Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell hyæna stalks.
On the cool and shady hills
Coffee-shrubs and tamarinds grow,
Headlong fall the welcome rills
Down the fruitful dells below.

The fragrant myrrh and healing balm
Perfume the passing gale ;
Thick hung the dates, the spreading palm
Tow'rs o'er the peopled vale ;
Locusts oft, a living cloud,
Hover in the darkened air,
Like a torrent dashing loud,
Bringing famine and despair :

And often o'er the level waste
The stifling hot winds fly ;
Down falls the swain with trembling haste,
The gasping cattle die.
Shepherd-people on the plain
Pitch their tents and wander free ;
Wealthy cities they disdain,
Poor,—yet blest with liberty.

ANON.

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

Two good little girls, named Mary and Ann,
Both happily lived, as good girls always can ;
And tho' they were not either sullen or mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They don't go to scratching and fighting for it ;
But each one is willing to give up her right,
For they'd rather have nothing than quarrel and
fight.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice ;
And not like to some greedy children I've known,
Who would go in a corner to eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
Those good little girls would immediately run,
And not stand disputing to which it belong'd,
And grumble and fret, and declare they were
wrong'd.

Whatever occur'd, in their work or their play,
They were willing to yield and give up their
own way :

Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught, and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill !
More cruelty could none express,
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your pris'ner still.

COWPER.

THE LITTLE BLUE SHOES.

OH ! those little, those little blue shoes,
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh ! the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
 That, by God's good will,
 Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh ! since that baby slept,
So hush'd, how the mother has kept,
 With a tearful pleasure,
 That little dear treasure,
And over them thought and wept !

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor ;
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
 A little sweet face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, oh ! wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start !

W. C. BENNETT.

WORK BEFORE PLAY.

"MOTHER has sent me to the well,
To fetch a jug of water,
And I am very glad to be
A useful little daughter ;
And that is why I cannot play
With you and Mary Ann to-day.

"Some afternoon I'll come with you,
And make you wreaths and posies—
I know a place where blue-bells grow,
And daisies and primroses ;
But not to-day, for I must go
And help my mother, dears, you know.

"She says that I am nearly eight,
So I can fill the kettle,
And sweep the room, and clean the grate,
'And even scrub a little ;
Oh ! I'm so very glad to be
A useful little girl, you see.

"So, Johnny, do not ask to-day—
Perhaps I'll come to-morrow,
But you'd not wish me now to stay,
And give my mother sorrow :
When she can spare me, she will say,
'Now, Susan, you may go and play.' "

SUMMER SONGS.

THE GREEDY, IMPATIENT GIRL.

"OH ! I am so hungry, I'm sure I can't wait
For my apple-pudding to cool,
So, Mary, be quick now, and bring me a plate,
For waiting for dinner I always did hate,
Though forced oft to do it at school.

"But at home, when mamma is not in the way,
I surely will do as I choose ;
And I do not care for what you please to say—
The pudding won't burn me—no longer I'll stay,
What business have you to refuse ?"

And now a large slice of the pudding she got,
And fearful she should have no more,
She cramm'd her mouth full of the apple so hot,
Which had but a minute come out of the pot,
But quickly her triumph was o'er.

Her mouth and her tongue were so dreadfully sore,
And suffer'd such terrible pain,
Her pride and her consequence soon were all o'er,
And she said, now unable to eat any more,
"O ! I never will do so again !"

And thus by not minding what she had been told,
Young Ellinor lost all her treat ;
Too greedy to wait till the pudding was cold,
By being impatient, conceited, and bold,
Not a mouthful at last could she eat.

C. HOSWOOD.

PRINCE LEEBOO.

FROM the mighty Pacific, with soft-swelling waves,
That a thousand bright islands eternally laves,
'Mid rocks of red coral, with shell-fish abounding,
The notes of the parrot and pigeon resounding,
Crown'd with groves of banana and taper bamboo,
Rise the gay sunny shores of the Isles of Pelew.

From China returning with silk and with tea,
The tall English vessel sails over the sea ;
Ah ! look how she heaves ! on the rock she is
stranded !

But the boats are thrown out, and the sailors are
landed.

What black men are those in their slender canoe,
Who gaze with such wonder ?—The men of Pelew.

How kindly they welcome the sailors on shore !
And yams and sweet cocoa-nuts bring from their
store ;

But vain every effort to soften their anguish ;
For home, distant home, the poor Englishmen
languish :

They build a stout ship, they sail off from Pelew,
And away with the strangers sails young Prince
Leeboo.

*O what is his rapture, and what his surprise,
When in gay busy London he opens his eyes !*

"Fine shops, houses, coaches, O joy beyond
measure !

Yes, yes, my dear friends shall partake in my
pleasure :

Fine clothes, coaches, horses, I'll bear to Pelew,—
What wonder for them, what delight for Leeboo !"

Fond projects ! in vain shall his father explore
The wide shipless waves,—he shall see him no more.
O chide not the English thy darling detaining,
And chide not thy son 'mid the strangers re-
maining !

Know, death has arrested him far from Pelew,
And the strangers have wept o'er the gentle
Leeboo !

ANON.

THE LOST LITTLE ONE.

WE miss her footfall on the floor,
Amidst the nursery din,
Her tip-tap at our bedroom door,
Her bright face peeping in.

And when to Heaven's high court above
Ascends our social prayer,
Though there are voices that we love,
One sweet voice is not there.

And dreary seem the hours, and lone,
That drag themselves along,

Now from our board her smile is gone,
And from our hearth her song.

We miss that farewell laugh of hers,
With its loud joyous sound,
And the kiss between the balusters,
When good-night time comes round.

And empty is her little bed,
And on her pillow there
Must never rest that cherub head
With its soft silken hair.

But often as we wake and weep,
Our midnight thoughts will roam,
To visit her cold, dreamless sleep,
In her last narrow home.

Then, then it is Faith's tear-dimm'd eyes
See through ethereal space,
Amidst the angel-crowded skies,
That dear, that well-known face.

With beckoning hand she seems to say,
"Though, all her sufferings o'er,
Your little one is borne away
To this celestial shore.

"Doubt not she longs to welcome you
To her glad, bright abode,
There happy endless ages through
To live with her and God."

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene ;
Nor house, nor hill, canst thou behold,
Grey wood or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud ;
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale, shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly ?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadows green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away,
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day.

SOUTHERLY.

THE IRISH BOY.

YOUNG Paddy is merry and happy, but poor ;
His cabin is built in the midst of a moor :
No pretty green meadows about it are found,
But bogs in the middle, and mountains around.

This wild Irish lad, of all lads the most frisky,
Enjoys his spare meal of potatoes and whisky,
As he merrily sits, with no care on his mind,
At the door of his cabin and sings to the wind.

Close down at his feet lies his shaggy old dog,
Who has plunged with his master thro' many a
 bog ;
While Paddy sings "Liberty long shall reign
 o'er us,"
Shag catches his ardour, and barks a loud chorus.

Young Paddy, indeed, is not polish'd or mild,
But his soul is as free as his country is wild ;
And though unacquainted with fashion or dress,
His heart ever melts at the sound of distress.

Then let us not laugh at his bulls or his blunders,
His broad native brogue, or his ignorant wonders ;
Nor will we by ridicule ever destroy
The honest content of a wild Irish boy.

And thus, while I sing of the wild Irish lad,
The Welsh boy, the Scotch, with his waistcoat
of plaid,
I surely have no great inducement to roam
From England, dear England, my own native home.

JANE TAYLOR.

GLEANING.

Now our pleasant toil is done,
Homeward let us take our way ;
See ! the glorious setting sun
Warns us of the close of day.

Since the morning's early dawn,
We have worked with all our might,
Gleaning every ear of corn
Which escaped the reaper's sight.

Hot and toilsome it has been,
Yet, for our dear children's sake,
We are glad the corn to glean,
For a meal of wheaten cake.

Homeward let us take our way,
Needing rest, but free from sorrow ;
Through another field we'll stray,
Heaven befriending us, to-morrow.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot, and all in blow ;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd ;
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame,
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied :
But still in vain—the frame was tight.
And only pervious to the light :
Thus having wasted half his day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Our dear delights are often such :
Expos'd to view, but not to touch,
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames :
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers ;
But those whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

COWPER.

DIRTY JACK.

THERE was one little Jack,
Not very long back,
And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace,

That he never was seen,
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour;
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went,
With water to splash himself o'er,
But he left the black streaks
Running down both his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt
Could not be more expert
Than he was, in grubbing about;
And people have thought,
This gentleman ought
To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad
May, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Altho' they are ever so poor.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth ?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
 Our forests, our fountains,
 Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains the maid I adore ?
O when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed ?

When shall I return to that lovely retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all ?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth ?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

MONTGOMERY.

THE DEATH OF COCK ROBIN AND
JENNY WREN.

'Twas a cold Autumn morning when Jenny Wren
died,
 Cock Robin sat by for to see,
And when all was over he bitterly cried,
 So kind and so loving was he.

He buried her under the little moss-heap
That lies at the foot of the yew,
And by day and by night he sat near her to weep,
Till his feathers were wet with the dew.

"Oh, Jenny, I'm tired of lingering here,
Through the dreary, dark days of November,
And I'm thinking of nothing but you, Jenny dear,
And your loving fond ways I remember ;

"I think how you look'd in your little brown suit,
When you said that you'd always be mine,
With your fan in your hand, how you glanced at
the fruit,
And said you liked cherries and wine.

"I think of the sweet merry days of the Spring,
Of the nest that we built both together,
Of the dear little brood nestled under your wing,
And the joys of the warm Summer weather."

And as he lamented the rain did down pour,
Till his body was wet through and through,
And he sang : "Dearest Jenny, my sorrows are o'er,
And I'm coming, my true-love, to you."

So he gather'd some brown leaves to lay by her side,
And to pillow his poor weary head,
And sang : "Jenny, my lost one, my fond one, my
bride,"

Till the gallant Cock Robin fell dead.

GERDA FAY ("Poetry for Playhours").

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead. .
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs 'on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—In every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A FORWARD hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd ;—
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow ;—
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation :
" O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match ; nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial."
'Twas "done" and "done," "all fair," "a bet,"
Judges prepared, and distance set.
The scampering hare outstripped the wind ;
The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
And scarce had passed a single pole
When puss had almost reached the goal.
" Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
" Your burden's more than you can bear ;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell ;
Jog on a little faster, prithee :
I'll take a nap and then be with thee."
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere ;
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.
The bets were won, the hare awoke,
When thus the victor tortoise spoke :
" Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts :
You may deride my awkward pace ;
But slow and steady wins the race !"

LLOYD.

COWSLIP-GATHERING.

MERRY time, when cowslips bloom ;
Merry time, when thrushes sing ;
Merry time, when wild-rose sprays
Far abroad their branches fling !

Merry time for girls and boys,
When the cowslips first appear,
Gilding meadows with their cups ;
Happiest time of all the year !

When the bees, with busy hum,
Play amongst their golden bells,
And the butterflies are come—
All of joy and pleasure tells.

Happy children ! roaming far,
Gather cowslips at your will ;
Fill your baskets—fill them full—
Thousands will be left there still.

Oh ! the joyous time of youth,
Like the spring-tide of the year ;
Could it but, like cowslip-bells,
Come again each coming year !

SUMMER SONGS.

TOO LATE.

Too late to rise—too late for school,
Too late to keep by each good rule ;
The sluggard soon becomes a fool ;
Oh, never be "*too late*."

Oh, use the precious hours to-day,
To gather knowledge while you may,
For quickly hasteth Time away ;
Then never be "*too late*."

And grateful to your parents be,
For tenderly they've cared for thee,
And soon on earth we may them see
No more—and mourn—" *too late*."

And to thy suffering brother-man,
Give aid and comfort while you can,
Ay like the good Samaritan,
Ere yet it be "*too late*."

To all, Death hasteth on apace ;
Then seek thy Heavenly Father's face,
Through life to guide thee by His grace,
Ere yet it be "too late."

THE LITTLE COWARD.

WHY, here's a foolish little man,
Laugh at him, donkey, if you can;
And cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
Come, every one of you, and laugh:

For, only think, he runs away
If honest donkey does but bray!
And when the bull begins to bellow,
He's like a crazy little fellow.

Poor Brindle cow can hardly pass
Along the hedge, to nip the grass,
Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
But off he runs, and out he cries!

And when old Tray comes jumping too,
With bow, wow, wow, for how d'ye do,
And means it all for civil play,
'Tis sure to make him run away.

But all the while you're thinking, may be,
"Ah! well, but this must be a baby."
Oh! cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
I'm not surprised to see you laugh,
He's five years old and almost half!

ANON.

A WASP AND A BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold ;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told.

Ah ! cousin, the bee said, 'tis all very true ;
But if I were half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
They own you are handsome but then there's one
 thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a harmless and diligent bee.

From this little story, let people beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

ANON.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

THERE'S a poor beggar going by ;
I see her looking in ;
She's just about as tall as I,
Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,
She is so very poor ;
And hardly anything to eat :
I pity her, I'm sure.

But I have got nice clothes, you know,
And meat, and bread, and fire ;
And you, mamma, that love me so,
And all that I desire.

If I were forced to stroll so far,
Oh dear, what should I do !
I wish she had a dear mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
I pity you, I'm sure ;
I wish I were but rich, and then
You should not be so poor.

ANON.

THE SWEETS OF CONTENTMENT.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square :
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied ;
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part ;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy !

BYRON.

R E A D I N G.

"AND so you do not like to spell,
Mary, my dear, oh, very well :
'Tis dull and troublesome, you say,
And you had rather be at play.

"Then bring me all your books again,
Nay, Mary, why do you complain ?
For as you do not choose to read,
You shall not have your books, indeed.

"So, as you wish to be a dunce,
Pray go and fetch me them at once ;
For if you will not learn to spell,
'Tis vain to think of reading well.

"Do you not think you'll blush to own
When you become a woman grown,
Without one good excuse to plead,
That you have never learnt to read ?"

"Oh, dear mamma," said Mary then, .
"Do let me have my books again ;
I'll not fret any more indeed,
If you will let me learn to read."

JANE TAYLOR.

CASABIANCA, THE HEROIC BOY,

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead ;
Yet beautiful and bright he stood
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form !

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud—" Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done !"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone !
And "—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair !

He shouted yet once more aloud,
“ My father ! must I stay ? ”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way :
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,
With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,
And join’d in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,

His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold :
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother : for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn :
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother : wherever you are
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love !
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

NO ONE WILL SEE ME.

"No one will see me," said little John Day,
For his father and mother were out of the way,
And he was at home all alone ;
"No one will see me ;" so he climb'd on a chair,
And peep'd in the cupboard to spy what was there,
Which, of course, he ought not to have done.

There stood in the cupboard, so sweet and so nice,
A plate of plum-cake in full many a slice,
And apples so ripe and so fine ;
"Now no one will see me," said John to himself,
As he stretch'd out his arm to reach up to the shelf :
"This apple at least shall be mine."

John paused, and put back the nice apple so red,
For he thought of the words his kind mother had
said,

When she left all these things in his care ;
"And no one will see me," thought he, "is not true ;
For I've read that God sees us in all that we do,
And is with us everywhere."

Well done, John ; your father and mother obey,
Try ever to please them, and mind what they say,
Even when they are absent from you ;
And never forget, that, though no one be nigh,
You cannot be hid from the glance of God's eye,
Who notices all that you do.

RHYMES WORTH REMEMBERING.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Hade made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side ;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock ;

His sword was in his sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER.

THE WINTER ROBIN.

A SUPPLIANT to your window comes,
Who trusts your faith, and fears no guile ;
He claims admittance for your crumbs,
And reads his passport in your smile.
For cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round ;
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.
Secure his suit will be preferr'd,
No fears his slender feet deter ;
For sacred is the household bird,
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

"OH ! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone ?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back.

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me."

"He would not hear my voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see !

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
*Go—thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven !*"

“And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain ;
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

“And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o’er ?
Oh ! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !”

MRS. HEMANS.

A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

To bed, to bed, my curly head,
To bed, and sleep so sweetly ;
Merry and bright with the morning light,
Be up and dress’d so neatly.

Then for a walk, and a pleasant talk,
About the birds and flowers ;
And all the day, in work and play,
We’ll pass the happy hours.

And then to bed, to rest the head,
And sleep until the morrow :
May every day thus glide away,
Without a shade of sorrow.

AKON.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door ;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span—
Oh, give relief ! and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor ;
Here as I craved a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh, take me to your hospitable home !
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold :
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door ;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span —
Oh, give relief ! and Heaven will bless your store.

Moss.

GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,
Now I lay my little head,
And the rain, and wind, and storm,
Cannot come a-nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
Have not anywhere to go,
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank you oft
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
On a bed so nice as this ;
So, my dear mamma, good night,
Give your little girl a kiss.

ANON.

THE BETTER LAND.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle
boughs ?"

" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"

" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"

" Not there, not there, my child !"

*" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,*

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !”

MRS. HEMANS.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE GOD of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree ;
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God ! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

ANON

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who show'd the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day,
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest,
Of wool, and hay, and moss :
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God, who show'd them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do His holy will.

ANON.

THE SNAIL.

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells he dwells alone,
Except himself, has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combined)
If finding it, he fails to find
Its master.
COWPER.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with
 sighs ;

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell ?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear ;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide ;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were grey ;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled ;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now
With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow :
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

THE CUT.

WELL, what's the matter ? there's a face !

What ! has it cut a vein ?

And is it quite a shocking place ?

Come, let us look again.

I see it bleeds, but never mind

That tiny little drop ;

I don't believe you'll ever find

That crying makes it stop.

'Tis sad indeed to cry at pain,

For any but a baby ;

If *that* should chance to cut a vein,

We should not wonder, may be.

But such a man as you should try

To bear a little sorrow ;

So run about and wipe your eye,

'Twill all be well to-morrow.

ANON.

THE CLOCKING-HEN.

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the Clocking-hen ;
"I've something else to do ;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you."

"Clock, clock, clock, clock,"
Said the Clocking-hen :
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then."

The Clocking-hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay ;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropt the chickens small !
"Clock," said the Clocking-hen,
"Now I have you all."

"Come along my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with YOU."
"Hollo !" said the barn-door Cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo !"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

LITTLE SUSAN.

"GRANDMOTHER, must I pick up sticks
All through this Summer's day ?
I'm very tired, and I wish
You'd let me go and play."

"My little Susan, all day long
In this arm-chair I sit ;
To earn your daily bread and mine,
All day I work and knit.

"If I could go and gather sticks,
I'd think it pleasant play ;
But in this dull room, all day long,
My duty is to stay.

"You are an orphan, Susan dear,
Parents you never knew ;
But I have strength to labour still,
And gain your bread for you.

"And you think, when you are at school,
At lessons hard all day,
That picking sticks is pleasant work,
And quite as good as play.

"And you are helping me, you know ;
So, Susan, go again,
And bring me all the sticks the wind
Has scattered in the glen."

SUMMER SONGS.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE BOY.

“WHAT, mother, makes it seem to me,
When I am all alone,
As if some one could hear and see,
And all my thoughts were known?

“Sometimes it makes me very glad,
And dance and sing with joy ;
Sometimes it makes me very sad,
And frights your little boy.

“Oh, tell me, mother, tell me why ;
For I have never known
Why 'tis I laugh, or why I cry,
When I am all alone.”

“My child, you never are alone ;
There is a watchful eye
To which your very thoughts are known ;
'Tis God is ever nigh.

“He made your little heart for joy,
He tunes your happy song ;
Oh, then, my little timid boy,
Fear only doing wrong.

“For He who makes your heart so glad,
Who bids the good be gay,
With the same love will make it sad,
Whene'er you disobey.

“He is our Father, and He hears
Your weakest, faintest prayer ;
He wipes away an infant’s tears,
And children are His care.”

MRS. FOLLEN.

THE SHEPHERD’S HOME.

My banks they are furnish’d with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all border’d with moss,
Where the hare-bell and violet grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech’s more beautiful green
But a sweet brier entwines it around.

Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHERSTONE.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

It's raining, it's raining, so heavily, heavily,
The only dry place is just under the tree ;
There let us scamper, so merrily, merrily,
Keeping together as close as can be.

Look at the rainbow, so glorious and wonderful,
Stretching its great arch far up in the sky,
While all around, the clouds, heavy and thunder-
full,
Tinge fields and trees with their stormy red dye.

Look, how the hills are all purple behind us ;
See, how the sky is all gloomy and black.
Francis and Willy, indeed you must mind us,
Rain is still falling—this moment come back.

Yes, on that side the bright sun is now shining,
Tinting the tops of the trees with its glow ;
Raindrops and sunbeams, their splendours com-
bining,
Colour the beautiful rainbow, you know.

Do you not hear how the heavy drops clatter
On the broad branches that cover us now ?
We are not shorn, like the sheep, so no matter ;
See, how they shelter themselves near the cow.

Old Nurse, perhaps, is afraid of the thunder,
 Guessing in vain where her children can be ;
After such torrents of rain, she will wonder,
 To find us all dry 'neath the broad chestnut-tree.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
 Nor crush that helpless worm :
The frame thy wayward looks deride
 Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
 From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of His boundless love
 On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars He made,
 To all His creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
 For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
 Their lowly bliss receive ;
Oh ! do not lightly take away
 The life thou canst not give.

GIBBONS.

THE HOLIDAY.

PUT the books and slates away ;
This is the sunny First of June,
And we will go this afternoon
Over the hills and far away.

Hurrah ! we 'll have a holiday,
And through the wood and up the glade
We'll go, in sunshine and in shade,
Over the hills and far away.

The wild-rose blooms on every spray,
In all the sky is not a cloud,
And merry birds are singing loud,
Over the hills and far away.

Not one of us behind must stay,
But little ones and all shall go,
Where Summer breezes gently blow,
Over the hills and far away.

SUMMER SONGS.

THE SPIDER.

"OH ! look at that great ugly spider," said Ann,
And screaming, she knock'd it away with her fan :
"*'Tis a great ugly creature, as ever can be ;
I wish that it would not come crawling on me.*"

"Indeed," said her mother, "I'll venture to say,
'Twill take care, next time, not to come in your
way ;

For after the fright, and the fall, and the pain,
I'm sure it has much the most cause to complain.

"Now, why should you hate the poor insect, my
dear ?

If it hurt you, you'd have some excuse for your
fear.

And if it had known where it was going to,
'Twould have hurried away, and not crawl'd upon
you.

"For them to fear us is but nat'ral and just,
Who in less than a moment could tread them to
dust ;

But certainly we have no cause for alarm,
For e'en if they tried they could do us no harm.

"Now look—it has got to its home, do you see
What a fine curious web it has wove in the tree ?
Now this, my dear Ann, is a lesson for you,
Only see what Industry and Patience can do !

"So when at your bus'ness you idle and play,
Recollect what you've seen of this insect to-day,
For fear it should even be found to be true
That a poor little spider is better than you."

JANE TAYLOR.

THE ROOKS.

THE Rooks are building on the trees ;
They build there every spring :
“Caw, caw,” is all they say,
For none of them can sing.

They're up before the break of day,
And up till late at night ;
For they must labour busily
As long as it is light.

And many a crooked stick they bring,
And many a slender twig,
And many a tuft of moss, until
Their nests are round and big.

“Caw, caw.” Oh, what a noise
They make in rainy weather !
Good children always speak by turns,
But Rooks all talk together.

How many nests are on the trees,
And up at what a height !
There are a thousand Rooks, and yet
I never saw them fight ;

For they are friendly birds, and each
Is to his neighbours known :
*They never touch each other's things,
But let them all alone.*

I wonder if we ever heard
Of little girls and boys
Who quarrelled more than Rooks, and made
A more unpleasant noise?

I wonder if we ever heard
Of children who would touch
The things they ought to let alone—
I wonder very much.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

LULLABY.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie;
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till thy little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till thy little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

A. TENNYSON.

ON THE CLOCK.

SEE the neat little clock, in the corner it stands,
And points out the time with its two pretty hands :
The one shows the minute, the other the hour,
As you often may see in the church's high tower.

The pendulum swings inside the long case,
And sends the two hands round the neat, pretty
face ;
And lest they should move on too slow or too quick,
It swings to and fro with a tick-a-tick tick.

There's a nice little bell, which a hammer does
knock,
And when we hear that we may tell what's o'clock :
But we love twelve and five, as it then is our rule,
Our lessons to finish, and march out of school.

Hark ! hark ! now it strikes :—there's one, two
three, four,
Five, six, seven, eight—Will it strike any more ?
Yes, yes, if you listen, you'll hear when 'tis done—
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and the next will be one.

But the wheels would not move, nor the pendulum
swing,
*Nor the hammer's tap, tap, make the little bell
ring ;*

Only two little weights pull the wheels round and
round,
And while they're in motion they still make a
sound.

So must I, like the Clock, have my face clean and
bright,
And my hands while they're moving should always
do right :
My tongue must be guided to say what is true,
Wherever I go, or whatever I do.

EASY RHYMES.

THE DISPUTED CASE.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose ;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong :
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of wit, and a wig full of learning,
While chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
“Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again : would your lordship a moment suppose
(’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles
then ?

“On the whole it appears, that my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then shifting his side (as the lawyer knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

COWPER.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

God made the sky that looks so blue,
God made the grass so green,
God made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colours seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see ;
It comes to give us heat and light :
How thankful should we be !

God made the pretty bird to fly ;
How sweetly has she sung !
And though she soars so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
The horse for man to use ;
I'll treat them kindly for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for our drink,
God made the fish to swim,
God made the trees to bear nice fruit,
Oh ! how we should love Him !

ANON.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been washed, just washed in a
shower,

Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned ;
And, swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapped it—it fell to the ground !

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind ;
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

COWPER.

THE PEACH.

MAMMA gave us a single peach,
She shared it among seven ;
Now you may think that unto each
But a small piece was given.

Yet though each share was very small,
We own'd when it was eaten,
Being so little for us all,
Did its fine flavour heighten.

The tear was in our parent's eye,
It seem'd quite out of season ;
When we ask'd wherefore she did cry,
She thus explain'd the reason.

"The cause, my children, I may say,
Was joy, and not dejection ;
The Peach, which made you all so gay,
Gave rise to this reflection :—

"It's many a mother's lot to share,
Seven hungry children viewing,
A morsel of the coarsest fare,
As I this Peach was doing."

MRS. LEICESTER.

THE YOUNG LINNETS.

DID you ever see the nest
Of Chaffinch or of Linnet,
When the little downy birds
Are lying snugly in it,

Gaping wide their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat?
Caterpillar, worm, and grub,
They reckon dainty meat.

When the mother bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them each by turns
A proper share of food.

She has hopped from spray to spray,
And peeped with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves
Where caterpillars lie.

She has searched among the grass,
And flown from tree to tree,
Catching gnats and flies, to feed
Her little family.

I have seen the Linnets chirp,
And shake their downy wings:
They are pleased to see her come,
And pleased with what she brings.

But I never saw them look
Impatient for their food.
Somebody, at dinner time,
Is seldom quite so good.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE AFFECTION OF A DOG.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown,
Changed as he was, with age, and toils and cares
Furrowed his reverend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palæe forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed ;
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
The faithful dog alone his master knew !
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay ;
And, though e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet—
'Twas all he could—and fawned and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy ; then falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died !
ANOK.

THE LITTLE SLAVE'S WISH.

I WISH I was that little bird
Up in the bright blue sky,
That sings and flies just where he will,
And no one asks him why.

I wish I was that little brook
That runs so swift along,
Through pretty flowers, and shining stones,
Singing a merry song.

I wish I was a butterfly,
Without a fear or care,
Spreading my many-colour'd wings,
Like a flower in the air.

I wish I was that wild, wild deer,
That I saw the other day,
Who through the dark green forest flew,
Like an arrow far away.

I wish I was that little cloud
By the gentle south-wind driven,
Floating along so calm and bright
Up to the gates of heaven.

I'd rather be a savage beast,
And dwell in a gloomy cave,
And shake the forest when I roar'd,
Than what I am—a slave.

My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave ;
What wicked action have I done
That I should be a slave ?

They tell me God is very good,
That His right arm can save ;
Oh, is it—can it be His will
That I should be a slave ?

Oh, how much better 'tis to die,
And lie down in the grave,
Than 'tis to be what I am now,
A little negro slave !

MRS. FOLLEN.

THE GOOD CHILDREN.

WEARY and faint the blind man came
Unto the cottage door—
He'd walk'd so far, his feet were lame,
And his dog could run no more.

The sun was shining bright and clear,
But he could not see the sun ;
The rich ripe grapes were hanging near,
But he perceived not one.

Kind little Mary saw him come,
And so did John her brother ;
And quick into the house they ran,
To tell their loving mother.

But soon the little girl appear'd
With a bowl of milk and bread,
And Rover's ears were both uprear'd,
When he heard her gentle tread.

He watch'd the bowl with wistful eye,
And plain as looks could speak,
He said his tongue was very dry,
And he had nought to eat.

Then John brought out some wholesome food,
He was a generous boy ;
And in his heart it did him good
To see poor Rover's joy.

The blind old man was very glad
When his dog received his share ;
Full fervently he bless'd the lad,
And thank'd kind Mary's care.

And as he rose up to depart,
He to the children said,
" May each preserve a loving heart,
When Age has bleach'd the head.

" And this shall be my daily prayer—
For I cannot, if I would,
Ask greater blessings for your share
Than the love of doing good."

PLAYING AT HORSES.

I'm going to Spain, on my chestnut mare,
Do as I do, and you'll soon be there ;
Trotting and cantering fast away—
Oh ! Johnny, isn't this famous play ?

Now, ford this river deep and wide ;
Now, scale that mighty mountain's side ;
And in that forest, dark as night,
With bandits, perhaps, we shall have to fight.

Perhaps we shall find a lady fair,
Tied to a tree by her auburn hair,
And a horrible dwarf high up in the tree,
Watching her sorrow with malice and glee.

And you shall be page, and I'll be a knight,
To rescue the dame from her terrible plight ;
And in spite of enchanters and giants and all,
We'll carry her back to her father's hall.

Gallop away ! gallop away !
Through them all we'll cut our way ;
Gallop, and never draw bridle-rein,
Till we've reached our castle in sunny Spain !

SUMMER SONGS.

THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

THE brown Owl sits in the ivy bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,
From sunrise till sunset ;
And the dim, grey light it was all too bright
For the Owl to see in yet.

"Jenny-Owlet, Jenny-Owlet," said a merry little
bird,

"They say you're wondrous wise ;
But I don't think you see, though you're looking
at ME

With your large, round, shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale white moon
Rolled high up in the skies ;
And the great brown Owl flew away in her cowl,
With her large, round, shining eyes.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE PICNIC.

WE are going to a picnic,
We are going to the sea,
For the Summer's sun is shining,
As bright as bright can be.

We shall gather shells and sea-weed,
We shall make a fort with sand ;
We shall go where crabs and shrimps feed,
In the tide-way close at hand.

And we'll dine within the shadow
Of the high cliff out of reach,
And watch the waves that ebb and flow
For ever on the beach.

So put away your work, Ann—
We are going to the sea ;
And all this Summer's day, Ann,
On the sea-shore we shall be !

SUMMER SONGS.

KING ARTHUR.

WHEN Arthur reigned in Camelot,
A hundred knights at table sat ;
They never knew from day to day,
Or what they drank or what they ate.

Except on Sunday—then the king
His knights with beef and pudding fed ;
A flagon of beer was each man's cheer,
And butter had they on their bread.

ANON.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the Kitchen Clock !

'To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks ;
“Tick-tock—tick-tock.”

Tell me what it says.

“I'm a very patient Clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a year ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.”

That is what it says.

“I'm a very truthful Clock :
People say, about the place,
Truth is written on my face ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.”

That is what it says.

“I'm a very active Clock,
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.”

That is what it says.

“I'm a most obliging Clock :
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like ;
Tick-tock—tick-tock.”

That is what it says.

What a talkative old Clock !
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two ;
“ Ding—ding ”—“ tick-tock.”
That is what it says.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

CHARLIE'S BOAT.

“ YOUTH at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow :”
Where are they seen, if not with Charlie now ?
In that round tub, with wooden spade for oar,
He bravely sails, the brooklet to explore ;
The captain, crew, and pilot, all in one,
Whilst Arthur, Ned, and little Rose look on.
In circles round and round the boat will go,
No matter that the progress is but slow.
Triumphant Charlie calls to Ned, in glee,
“ Throw in some stones, and make high waves for me !
Then watch me, in a dreadful storm at sea !
Now, weeds for icebergs coming round the ship ;
There ! that will do ; she does begin to dip.
Now she comes into port, my gallant craft !”
Rose wished to try—oh ! how the sailor laughed :
“ You ! little goose, you might as well go fly
As steer a boat like me—I'm Captain Bligh !
Come, never mind ; I'll have a yacht some day,
And you shall sail with me to Baffin's Bay.”

SUMMER SONGS.

S P R I N G .

HAIL the days of early spring-time,
When the first young buds are seen,
When the air is soft and balmy,
And the daisies deck the green.

When the birds begin to twitter,
And the little lambs appear,
Frolicking with wild enjoyment,
In the childhood of the year.

Then has dreary Winter left us,
Bearing with it cold and gloom ;
Hope once more our hearts inspiring,
Tinges all with rosy bloom.

And there thrills such joy within us,
At the beauty bursting round,
That no room for care or sorrow
Longer in our hearts is found.

Running brooks and murmuring breezes,
Bees and birds, and fragrant flowers,
Cawing rooks, and lowing cattle,
Welcome back the Spring-tide hours.

Then, since all the earth is joyful,
Let it now with praises ring,
Praise to Him who gave the sunshine,
Praise to Him who made the Spring.

MRS. HAWTREY.

ARTHUR'S BED-TIME.

THE birds are all gone to their nest,
The baby is safe in his bed,
And the sun has sunk down in the west,
In curtains of purple and red.

The butterflies folded their wings
On the flowers an hour ago,
And only the nightingale sings,
Far off in the dingle below.

And silently falls all around
The gentle and life-giving dew,
Reviving the sun-parchèd ground,
And giving it freshness anew.

And now the grey twilight is near,
The red cow we scarcely can see,
And if the moon's rays were not clear,
Little Arthur in darkness would be.

Yes! this is the end of the day,
The lambs are asleep in the dew;
So Arthur must leave off his play,
And go to his little bed, too.

The cot is all ready, you see—
The pillow so soft and so white;
So a hymn, and two kisses for me,
And then, little Arthur, good-night!
SUMMER SONGS.

THE CHINESE PIG.

OLD Madam Grumph the pig has got
A pig-sty of her own ;
She is a most uncommon pig,
And likes to live alone.

A red-tiled roofing covers in
The one half of her sty ;
And half, surrounded by a wall,
Is open to the sky.

There stands the trough, they keep it filled
With pig-wash and with parings ;
And all the other pigs declare
Dame Grumph has dainty fairings.

They like to see what she's about,
And poke their noses through
A great hole in the pig-sty door,
From whence they get a view.

The pigs that run about the yard
Are very lean and tall,
With long hind-legs,—but Madam Grumph
Is round as any ball.

One Autumn day, when she awoke
('Twas very cold and raw),
She found a litter of young pigs
Half buried in the straw.

"Humph," said the dame, "now let me see
How many have I got."
She counted, "Six and four are ten,—
Two dead ones in the lot."

"Eight—that's a nice round family :
A black one, and two white ;
The rest are spotted like myself,
With prick ears. That's all right."

"What's to be done with these dead things ?
They'd better be thrown out,"
Said she, and packed the litter round
The others with her snout.

"What's that, old Grumphy ?" said a pig,
Whose snout peeped through the door ;
"There's something moving in the straw
I never saw before."

"I wish you'd mind your own affairs,"
Said she, and stepped between
The young pigs and the pig-sty door,
Not wishing to be seen.

"I hope you slept well," said the pig.

"The wind was very high ;
You are most comfortably lodged—
A most convenient sty."

"I thought I told you once before
To mind your own affairs,"
Said she, and bristling up her back,
She bit the lean pig's ears.

"Squeak," said the bitten pig, "sque-e-eak,
Old Grumph's biting hard ;"
And all the lean pigs scampered up
From all sides of the yard.

They grumbled and they grunted loud,
They squeaked in every key ;
At last another pig peeped through
To see what he could see.

Dame Grumph was standing by her pigs,
And looking very proud,
And all the little piggy-wigs
Were squeaking very loud.

"These lovely creatures," said old Grumph,
"These lovely pigs are mine ;
They're fat and pink, like human babes,—
Most promising young swine."

"Indeed," exclaimed the peeping pig,
"I never should have thought
They were so very promising."
Old Grumphy gave a snort.

"They're of a most distinguished race :
My mother and her brother
Were both imported from Pekin,—
My pigs are like my mother.

"They never shall associate
With long-legged pigs like you,"
Said she, addressing the lean pig,
Whose snout was peeping through.

"Begging your pardon, Madam Grumph,
I really think," said he,
"The difference is not so great
As it appears to be.

"If you and I were bacon, Ma'am,
The difference between
An Irish and a Chinese pig
Would hardly then be seen.

"Give me your comfortable sty,
And above all your food,
Our little families might prove
Indifferently good."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

SUNDAY.

SUNDAY bells are round us ringing,
Calling to the house of prayer ;
On the trees the birds are singing,
Joyful everywhere.

Thro' green lanes the country people
Walk, arrayed in Sunday-best,
While the clang from tower and steeple,
Tells the day of rest.

In the towns, the busy crowd now
Cease their daily toil and care ;
Haughty men are humbly bowed now,
In the house of prayer.

All thro' England's isle extending,
North and south, and east and west,
Young and old to church are wending,
On this day of rest.

Put away all evil feeling,
Vengeful thoughts and worldly greed,
And within God's temple kneeling,
Ask for what you need.

Yielding Him your spirit wholly,
On this one brief day in seven,
Keep the Sunday calm and holy,
For it points to heaven.

MRS. HAWKEY.

THE SAND CASTLE.

THE tide is out, and all the strand
Is glistening in the summer sun ;
Let's build a castle of the sand—
Oh ! will not that be glorious fun ?

With walls and outworks wide and steep,
All round about we'll dig a moat,
And in the midst shall be the keep,
Where England's flag may proudly float.

And where the drawbridge ought to be,
We'll make a causeway to the shore
Well paved with stones, for you and me
To get to land when tempests roar.

We'll sit within our citadel,
And watch the tide come o'er the rocks ;
But we have built it strong and well ;
It will not fall for common shocks.

The moat may fill, the waves may beat,
We watch the siege all undismayed,
Because, you know, we can retreat
Along the causeway we have made.

“ Haul down your flag ! ” “ Oh, no ! ” we shout,
Our drums and trumpets heard afar—
The castle sinks ; but we march out
With all the honours of the war.

ANON.

A U T U M N.

GOLDEN Autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain.

Gifts for man and bird and brute,
In its wealth of luscious fruit,
In its store of precious root.

Trees bend down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Thro' the lanes where "bindweed" weaves
Graceful wreaths of clustering leaves,
Home the reapers bear the sheaves.

Singing loud their harvest song,
In their hearty rustic tongue—
Singing gaily, old and young.

Singing loud beside the wain,
With its load of bursting grain,
Dropping all along the lane.

Mice and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garners at their will,
Only drones need hunger still.

Flocks of sparrows downward fly
From their hawthorn perch on high,
Pecking each one greedily.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Flaunting gaily all in red.

Still the daisy, large and white,
Shining like a star at night,
In the hedge-row twinkles bright.

Still the "Traveller's Joy" is seen,
Snowy white, o'er leaves of green,
Glittering in its dewy sheen.

Still the foxglove's crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn's parting beauty tell.

Purple sunsets, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers and golden sheaves,
Autumn gives us ere she leaves.

MRS. HAWTREY.

THE RETURN HOME.

GOLDEN is the light of evening,
Soon will set the Autumn sun ;
O'er the fields the lengthening shadows
Show the day is nearly done.

Richly laden from the corn-fields,
Homeward see the gleaners wend,
Where, from cottage chimneys, smoke-wreaths
With the distant landscape blend.

Little children run to meet them,
Laughing, shouting with delight,
And the eldest brings the baby,
Welcome to the mother's sight.

They are happy, these poor gleaners,
Though they work till set of sun,
Though to old age, from their childhood,
Never is their labour done.

Yet their sleep is all the sweeter,
Relished is their frugal meal,
And, for God's rich gifts of nature,
Joy and thankfulness they feel.

SUMMER SONGS.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK ! the merry pealing bells
Steal upon the rising breeze,
Echo thro' the snowy dells,
Echo thro' the leafless trees.

Hark ! they say 'tis Christmas-tide,
Merry Christmas comes again—
Comes to tell the world so wide,
Who was born the world to gain.

Men and women, children, babes,
Joyful wake—'tis Christmas-day !
Birds, sing out your sweetest songs,
Sun, shine forth your brightest ray !

Let all hearts with gladness bound,
Let all hearts be good and true ;
"Peace on earth, good-will around,"
Be our motto, ever new.

And let those who thus rejoice,
Christmas carols gladly raise,
Joining heart and soul and voice,
In our Christmas hymns of praise.

CHILDREN'S SONG

THE FAIRIES' FEAST.

In the fairy ring,
On the grass so green,
We will make a feast
For the Fairy Queen.

Get me acorn-cups,
Gather purple sloes ;
Find the crimson fruit
Of the summer rose.

Hawthorn bushes search,
For the haws so sweet ;
Pull the petals white
Of daisy Marguerite.

Then, when evening comes,
Foxgloves ring their bells,
Calling all the sprites
From their distant dells.

When the moon is up,
When the night-birds sing,
Then the fairies dance,
Round their magic ring.

SUMMER SONGS.







